

SRX Motobird



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Ding!

Gallows quickly ran into the second room of her small design lab, opening what looked like a microwave. Her talons grasped a pair of spray-paint-sized plastic bottles, pulling them out of the compartment and looking them over.

One had the shape of a lion imprinted in the translucent container, and a golden brown filling of some sort. The other had bird imprint, and a red filling. They weren't like the shaped bottles she was hoping for, but they would do for testing purposes. It was the liquid inside them that mattered.

With a grin, she took the bottles to the injection molder she'd made on the other side of the lab, put both bottles top-side down into the material ports, and tapped a few buttons on a nearby computer to start the process. The phoenix gryphon's anticipation turned the air heavy as she watched her machine work its magic.

The red liquid of the phoenix-themed container flowed into the top half, while the brown liquid of the lion-themed container was pulled into the lower half, but she couldn't see how well that was going thanks to the heavy lead container that surrounded the actual mold. As the mold was heated, she felt like it might be a success, but only time would tell.

A few moments later, the sound of water sizzling from the case caught her attention as the quenching systems activated. And then the lead container opened, followed by the heavy mold. And inside, shiny pieces of what looked to be a costume of sorts. Almost plastic from the look of them.

Gallows's attempt to lift them out was laborious, and when they hit the trolley she'd placed next to the device, a rubberized metal squeak issued from them.

"Yes!" She shouted triumphantly, practically dancing in place. "Finally! Latisteeel's effects without the damned *nocturnium*! Oh, you're gonna be *fun*, little *Kaibanium* project!"

She slowly got each piece out of the machine, putting them onto the hand truck before moving the whole set to her assembly area. Once there, she pulled out a black latex undersuit and put it on, slightly blushing from the squeaks it made against her fur and feathers.

Then came the parts of the main suit. A pair of locking folds for her hind legs pushed her down against the floor briefly, as a tire was placed between them. From beneath her lion tail, she strapped on what looked like a form of tailpipe and hip armor, with a seat placed against her back, and a screw-on



cargo container slipping over the tail itself. And over where her paws would normally be, a tire guard was screwed in to keep everything together.

Across her chest and back, she squeezed into a set of pieces that made up an engine, connecting them to the back wheel simply by scrunching herself up a bit and twisting the connectors into place. Once she did, she was balancing on that back wheel to keep herself upright, which was helped by the width of the tire she was perched on.

Her wings fit into a pair of compartments attached on her sides, while her shoulders and upper arms were wrapped in jointed metal pipes with spring shocks.

Then came the head piece. As she slipped her cranium inside, the crystal of the visor seemed to give her a clearer view of the space around her. She opened her beak, and a mouthpiece slipped inside, allowing her to close the piece with the click of a clasp along the back of her skull. Her ears had pushed into the side view mirrors, which also housed holes for her to hear through, at least at first glance. Once she slipped her talons into the front wheel, and turned the connectors for the upper arm bars and shocks, the suit's magic began to take effect.

Gone were the sensations of having limbs, replaced by those for the bike's front and rear tires and suspension, with gold and brown metals respectively.

Gone were the sensations of her wings, replaced by the large batteries for the red electric motor, her wings painted onto the Kaibanium casing.

Gone were the sensations of her lungs and heart, replaced by the humming motor on her chest, the cooling system running through her from front to back, the foot starter on her side, the chain that ran through where her groin once was, and her new red chassis.

Gone was the feeling of a head and all that came with, replaced by the vision from her massive crystal headlight visor, digital mirrors, a digital instrument cluster that was mirrored in her sight, and golden handle bars that stretched from the top of her skull. All within the red panels of what would normally be her head. Only the ear-shaped mirrors and beak-shaped opening at the front hinted at the creature beneath.

As she steadied herself, she realized that she'd become a living motorbike. The exact result she was hoping for.

"Fucking yeah! Been waiting so damn long for this." She said, her voice sounding rather digitized through the open hole where her beak would normally be. "Alright, Fira. Time for *me* to show off a bit."





Once the gryphonbike had her bearings, she tried moving forward. Just thinking of accelerating caused her to begin moving forward, the tires slowly turning on the textured metal floor of her lab. But as she began gaining speed, she had to stop.

“N...Nghhh... Seriously?” The felavian exclaimed as she stifled a moan. “The drive chain guide? *That’s* what my cock became? It’s like sounding beads...”

Inching forward, she couldn’t help but grunt from the metal loop’s path, but as long as she didn’t think about it, it was at least tolerable.

Eventually, Gallows managed to make it into the deeper part of the base she called home, where she could stay alone when needed. It took some practice to keep her balance, but she figured out how easy it was once she used her wider tires to keep from tipping over. Having to constantly knock herself back upright with her kickstands was embarrassing, even with no one watching.

“Mmm... Well, that was satisfying.” The bike said to herself as the front tire began to split in half. One side turned backward a bit, allowing it to unlock and split into a pair of three-digit talon-like hands. Her neck unlatched as well, and she brought herself upright, balancing on her real wheel as she moved into her secondary bedroom. She was able to look forward like a biped again, even with all of the changes the suit had provided.

Down below the chain retracted into its guide at her groin, where it disappeared completely from view. Her cock was back to its usual state, although quite metallic and black. As she folded the handlebars down against the back of her head, the sight of it gave her a few ideas.

With one tread-palmed hand, she grabbed one of the dildos from her nightstand and pressed it into the tailpipe behind her. The sheer shock of what met her senses almost made her flip onto the bed. The pipe was sensitive, and felt like she was taking the toy anally.

“*H-h-holy...!* This is even *better* than the specs I came up with!”

Her mouth still wasn’t mobile, so she decided to give that a small test as well. The knotted rubber dildo quickly slipped into the molded beak’s air scoop, and while it wasn’t sensitive, she realized she could still give the object a blowjob with the air circulation system. But that raised even more questions. Questions she couldn’t wait to try and answer.





Deciding not to risk falling over, the gryphonbike sat down on the edge of her king-sized platform bed. Then, she began rubbing her metal cock with one hand, rather enjoying the soft squeaking of rubber on Kaibanium, given the latter's latex-like qualities.

"N...Ngh... Gods... Who'd've thought I'd be...getting myself off... as a motorcycle?"

Slowly, she began to stroke herself faster, pushing her gryphon dildo into her tailpipe with the other hand in rhythm. Her rear wheel even started to turn, forward and backward, as the two hands worked her private parts.

Before long, a slick substance leaked from the tip of the mechanoid's shaft. Slightly sticky, but it wasn't mechanical lube. It was synthetic prelube. The same that she often used for her other synthetic forms.

And shortly after, she arched her back with several crackles of moving parts, and let out a digitized moan of pure bliss. White cumlube sprayed out onto the metal floor beneath her, some of it soaking her tire and shocks in the process, while her engine hummed at high speed from the rush of ecstasy. Thick, white fluid, just as she often had used for other forms.

Curious, the beast-bike used a talon to bring some of it up to her maw-scoop, and put it inside the opening. She could taste it. The slick salty mixture of chemicals that made up the low-viscosity fluid, dripping down through the cooling vent and...into *something*. Something that flashed up on her heads-up display.

"*Biofuel generator?! Seriously?* I really wasn't expecting that... Makes me wonder how I can cram someone down in there." The thought of turning a couple of fellow gryphons she knew into fuel for recharging her batteries was a nice turn-on. "Hmm... Wonder if that counts while I'm in full bike form... Wouldn't mind giving someone a blowjob while I'm chocked down on a showroom floor or something."

After getting herself re-oriented, the gryphonbike brought her hands together, prompting them to become their wheel forms again. The two halves locked themselves back into place, while the chain returned to its own spot to drive that front wheel from the engine. And as soon as she began moving, the feeling of that chain began to pick at the back of her mind, like an quivering itch that kept nagging her.

By the time she returned to her lab, she was breathlessly panting from the constant movement through her groin. The pleasurable feeling had been





driving her mad with lust since she left the lower level, but she didn't exactly have an outlet with that length of metal links keeping her cock occupied.

“N...n...nnnngh! Gods dammit!” She cried out as she pulled inside the door and closed it with a handlebar. “I can barely focus, but I can't complain because it's hot as hell... Fucking buttons...”

After a few moments, the gryphon turned her front end just a bit to disconnect the lower half around her arms and hands, disabling the suit's transformative power and allowing her to get out of the heavy metal shell around her. It took a few minutes to peel off each piece, but once it was done, she put everything into one of the large attache cases, and flopped back in her chair to recompose herself.

Ding!

With a deep sigh, she got up and opened the microwave-like device on the wall, pulling two more bottles from it. One held a deep red batch of Kaibanium with a striped canine molded into the plastic container, while the other had a brighter silver material with what looked like a broad-winged draconic avian in the casing.

A smile grew on the felavian's freed face. “These look like fun...”

The injection mold and lead case for it had been reset by the computer while she was off testing her suit, so she shook each of the two bottles and placed them upside down into their proper ports.

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Several hours later, Gallows finished pulling her sixth suit out of the mold and taking it to one of the spare warehouse rooms in the base. She'd made a biofuel variant of her main suit for the second run, as well as a few other species, and they were all going into the new garage bay once it was ready. She was wearing the biofuel model as she worked, finding the use of her mechanoid body to be better suited for moving the heavy crates.

However, when the gryphonbike returned to the lab, she found her mate Sildrae pulling new suit pieces from the mold system. The injectors had the Raidramon and Scyther bottles in them, and the effect was anything but expected for the felavian as she watched him put on the parts.





The metal dragon slipped his legs into the rear clasps, folding them over the axel and latching the casing to lock them together. It was then that Gallows noticed the tires were actually two split tires paired up on the axel, rather than the solid tire she used. It made for a more pronounced effect with the green of the Scyther portion. Even more so when the abdomen and lower body were connected, his tail being stuffed into the bulbous piece, and his hips fitted into wide containers on his sides, all modeled after the insect.

As he balanced on his back wheel, Sildrae pulled the middle section, where black and green steel met around the chest engine, wing-like fuel tanks slung over his sides. And much like Gallows, he put the black upper arm casings and shocks up to his shoulders, but stopped before going any further there.

Instead, he pulled up the heavy headpiece, complete with mask-like markings of a Raidramon, and the lightning bolt horn as an ornament of the face. While it had the wide visor for the headlight eyes, and ears that doubled as mirrors, the handlebars swept back in a more horn-like shape, and the molded air scoop mouth was replaced with a hinged moving jaw. There was another helmet in the mold that was more like Gallows's head, but it wasn't being used.

The moment Sildrae slipped his hands into the axel struts and gripped the double tires on the front, he twisted his body to connect all of the connectors, causing the transformative changes to take hold. His front tire hit the ground as his normal body disappeared, replaced by that of the hybrid biofuel roadster.

Gallows couldn't help but watch with interest. He'd be the first besides herself to try out the suit system, and his seemed a little more custom than her own.

Sure enough, the two front tires turned against each other, allowing them to split like her own single tire did. And when the chain retracted as he brought himself upright, the gryphonbike could see quite the difference around the chain guard. Rather than the cock-shaped piece she had, his was more nozzle-like, with ridges along the widening length that made it look stepped.

"Liking what you see?" He asked, his semi-deep voice coming through just as digital as her own. And as he spoke, his opened and closed, and she could see what looked like a tongue locked against the bottom jaw.

Gallows crossed her arms, chuckling. "Did I leave my laptop out again?"





“Mayyyybe. More that I walked in when you left and started poking around. You just didn’t notice me.”

After a few moments, the Raithermon’s rear wheel split as well, forming into a pair of feet. In fact, they had the perfect shape for Scyther feet, complete with rubber claws for toes, and the treads making up the soles of each foot. This caused Gallows to become rather flustered. Had she still been organic, she have been blushing rather brightly, but instead, her engine revved just a bit in response.

“Nice touch.” She told him, looking closely at the detailing he’d put through the system. “I’ll stick to my tire for now, but I wouldn’t mind getting an upgrade for my suits.”

“Hah! Well, why don’t I show you part of what I’ve been working on?”

“Alright.”

The two traveled down a couple of levels in the base, and Sildrae opened up the new section he’d been digging through for the last several days. A machine shop awaited on the other side of the double doors, complete with a couple of vehicle bays, and a couple of larger areas for massive machines to be worked on. Brand new tools lined the walls and workbenches, and shelves of parts were in a warehouse area on the other side, waiting to be used.

“Wow... You *have* been busy. Planning on building a starship or something?”

“Mayyyybe.”

Gallows couldn’t help but chuckle as she wheeled around to look at him. “Maybe? Well, what you do is your business.”

“Even if that means I’m working on *you*?”

The question caused the gryphonbike to freeze in her tracks, despite her engine revving a bit again. It was quite clear he was pushing a few buttons. “Um...I...I guess?”

“Hah!” Sildrae poked her chest, moving her back a bit by accident. “You’ll just be blushing up a storm and turn into a leaky crotch rocket if I do anything.”

“Oy!”

“Actually... Come over here a sec. I wanna try something.”





The hybrid lead his gryphon mate over to one of the maintenance areas, having her roll into the middle area. With a chuckle, he pulled down a pair of hoisting rods, then got one of his motorcycle chocks. He quickly grabbed her sides, lifting the humanoid bike off the ground and placing her into the locking catch, with one of his feet kicking the latch closed between the spokes of her wheel.

It wasn't until Sildrae walked over to his bench and grabbed an impact wrench that she really began to feel somewhat horny. With nowhere to go, she could only watch as the Raithermon grabbed one of her arms and removed the bolt holding the front fork to her chassis. Then the other, the loud torquing chunk of the tool pulling the connecter from its threaded recess.

When both pieces were pulled away, Gallows noticed she no longer felt as if she had arms. There was nothing beyond the shoulders, and while it wasn't abnormal for the modular creature, it did make her feel quite helpless. A feeling that, as her mate knew, was turning her kinky side on quite a bit.

Using the bolts, he attached her to the hoisting rods, lining up holes with the additional slots on her body and getting all six into the lifting mechanism. A foot pedal nearby allowed Sildrae to pull her off the ground, and without a word, the second bike began to remove the poor gryphon's lower portion. The shocks were first, followed by the swingarms that held the tire and axle, which were made from her legs. The fender came off soon after, along with the tail storage that was attached to it.

Gallows began to whimper, though mostly from trying to control herself. her cock was dripping with synthetic fluids, a small puddle already forming on the ground beneath her. She had no limbs, no way to really move outside of her head.

Sildrae knew he was pushing all the right buttons.

"Oh dear... We can't have this." He said, looking down at the metallic cock of a chain guard.

With a chuckle, he reached down and unscrewed the piece, the treads of his palms gently massaging the surface as he twisted it along its track. Once it popped off, she gasped, her entire body shaking from the intense feeling of losing even *that* part of herself.

The monsterbike plopped it down onto his workbench, then reached into one of his hip storage units, where he pulled out one more akin to his own shaft. Tapered, but with ridges that stepped it wider and wider along the length of the metal, and colored a dark black. A few twists was all he needed to put the part on her, and as soon as he rubbed the sensitive steel, the bike shuddered





and tried to buck forward, only to find no give from the hoist. All that resulted was her cock letting out a massive glob of organic-friendly lubricant, splattering it against the floor in a wet *splurt*.

Sildrae's foot hit the down pedal, lowering Gallows quite a bit. Down to his groin, in fact. "Gonna need a full lube job, it seems. Hope you're ready."

Before Gallows could reply, the dragon-insect bike gripped her handle bars and pulled her molded beak's air scoop over his own cock. Her airflow systems kicked in almost immediately, providing a bit of suction against his nozzle. And with every pump, he revved her engine just a bit, making sure she felt a pleasuring rush.

"N...Ngh... Such a...tight fit..."

The digitized mumbles of the gryphonbike were barely audible from her speakers, drowned out by her mate's stronger and nosier engine core. All she could do was take what he gave her, enjoying the taste of the strange compound he'd made for lubricating his own chains. It felt like her heart was racing every time he hit the accelerator, pushing her just that slight bit forward, while her own shaft poured with liquid down below.

"A...Ahhhhh~"

When Sildrae finally came, his cock shot heavy loads of thick lubricant into her body's biofuel tanks, the tip deep into what would be her throat. Her own shaft did the same, soaking the monsterbike's legs and feet along with the concrete ground beneath him. It was a massive rush of bliss, coursing through her at breakneck speed. And the lube itself tasted of a broad array of berries, all combined into a sort of punch-like flavor that hit her sweets tooth quite heavily.

Once the rush was over, he hummed a bit as he brought his lover back up to eye-level with him, gazing into the headlights that had replaced her eyes. "That was fun. I almost don't want to put you back together in the morning."

"M...M...Morrning?" She asked, barely lucid in the afterglow. "B-but you don...don't even sleep."

"Your point?"

The Raithermon went over to his workbench and grabbed a pair of rubber hoses off of the pegboard, along with a y-shaped piece. Then, he reached down and removed his own nozzle cock, before doing the same to Gallows, replacing them both with the hose. The y-piece was added to the end of each one, while an adapter was screwed into the other side, followed by his own shaft.





Without even a bit of warning, he pushed that nozzle deep into her maw, practically deepthroating it on her with a short groan from how it felt. “Hold on to that. I need someone to keep me from leaking while I work, and I remember you saying you don’t mind acting as a vat sometimes.”

If she could have moved her eyes, they would have been quite wide. Not only was she not going anywhere for another ten hours—at the minimum—but she was about to play host to all of the warm berry-flavored lube she could handle.

And she was quite okay with that, whether or not she really had the choice.

